MAN!

"Man is the measurement of everything."

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ONWARD—PEOPLE OF SPAIN

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable numbers,
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep hath fallen on you,
Ye are many, they are few.

What is Freedom—ye can tell
That which slavery is too well,
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

What art thou, Freedom? Oh could slaves
Answer from their living graves
This demand, tyrants would vee
Like a dream's dim imagery.

For the laborer thou art bread
And a comely table spread,
From his daily labor come
To a neat and happy home.

Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold
Would thy righteous laws be sold,
As laws are in England; thou
Shieldst alike both high and low.

Thou art Wisdom—freemen never
Dream that God would damn forever
All who think those things untrue
Of which priests make much ado.

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable numbers,
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep hath fallen on you,
Ye are many, they are few.

PERCY BYSCHE SHELLEY

With these sublime and majestic words of a true and great poet may we extend a heartfelt greeting of solidarity and courage to a peoples which for the last two months have been shedding blood with a firm determination, with a courage and enthusiasm far beyond the realm of words to describe. Our every heartbeat, our every thought, our every hope goes out, far across the seas, to the people of Spain who in these moments of hope and anxiety are showing the world that as long as *man* has the courage to fight, so long shall he put forth every ounce of his energy and strength to combat that deadly venom—Fascism.

Dying to live—these are words which best explain these moments of anguish and hope, these moments when mothers and daughters are fighting side by side with their husbands and brothers, these moments when lives are but a momentary thing in comparison with the struggle for life itself, undescribable moments where mothers must see their sons and husbands killed but must go on to take their place.

To say that the situation in Spain is a sudden outburst, an explosion, is erroneous. It is, rather, the result and outcome of many years of suffering and torture, of many years of political betrayals and promises. The war in Spain is not a war; it is the flowering of the blossom of revolt whose seeds have long been planted in the very hearts of these Iberian people whose sugerings and endurances are written in the political, economic and social pages of the world's history.

The people of Spain—of whom we must think not only as residents of Madrid or Seville, but whom we must also remember as peons still living under feudal conditions, whose tortures we have learned from the long past days of the Spanish Inquisition—are determined to crush the monster which would make of this laughing latin country what it has made of sunny literary Italy.

We have been wont to think of the people of Spain as gay, laughing, carefree; of the country as a small insignificant spot on the map of the world. But it is this same laughing people of this same insignificant spot which is today giving a lesson to all governments, to all the people of the world.

The people of Spain are determined to save themselves from the same black clutches which for fourteen years have choked the people of Italy, clutches which symbolize the suffocation of anything that spells freedom and individuality. For fourteen years we have seen a people so rich in learning and art trod upon by a man whose name I dare not write. For fourteen years we have seen how the fanaticisms of a tryrant are solely responsible for the gradual moral and spiritual death of Italy. For fourteen years we have seen how this land of sunshine, once the cradle of learning and culture, once the buscm nurse of activity and spirit, has become a dark spectre envelloped by that black cruel mantle—Fascism. The thought of these years of sufferings and endurances brings tears to our eyes, but behind those tears we can smile, smile as we think of all the victims who have fallen under fascism—be it in Italy or elsewhere—smile as we recall the *men* of courage who in the face of the black enemy were not afraid, were still symbols of individuality, liberty and life. The coming of fascism has cost the lives of many revolutionists, many believers of freedom. But when at last we see a population revolting against and fighting this same tyrannical barbarism hovering over Spain,

when we see with what courage the people of Spain are pushing back this ruthless barbarism, this chain of suffocation which is leaving indelible marks on the people of Italy—there is little we can say or do, except smile with hope and satisfaction in the names of those fallen that here at last is a people which will vindicate the dead and give a lesson of hope and courage to the living.

They did not die in vain, because we are seeing how a down-trodden and oppressed mass can well defend itself. So-called supermen who are wont to call themselves the elite of society are in the habit of speaking of the mass—the people—as stupid, sheeplike, wretched, uncapable of any initiative, born to suffer, condemned by its own stupidity to be oppressed, ruled. Yet, in Spain, it is this same mass which, after five years of republic, is giving a true measure of its worth to the mandates of republican democracy. It is this same mass, too much deceived during all these years, which has blossomed into the flower of revolt. Yes, it is this same down-trodden mass which, after a few hours of bloody battle in Catalonia, has been able to take possession of its wealth and is existing autonomously. This mass is again putting in motion the wheels of progress. This mass is now receiving the admiration of all lovers of freedom in having inflicted on fascism its first decisive blow, the blow of paramount injustice.

The people of Spain are fighting fascism with the weapons of fascism, of all law and all governments. They are fighting violence with violence. Governments throughout the world are preaching pacts of neutrality while they themselves are arming to the fullest extent. Governments are wont to label these fighting people as violent, while they themselves are daily preparing for the greatest of all violence—war. Government is constantly using violence against the people, and the people *must* answer to this with violence.

Behind this serious and tense situation, the people of Spain are giving a strong and much needed lesson to all workers of the world. It is true that they are fighting fascism, but behind this we can say they are laying the stones along the path of *social revolution.* They are leading the way toward a society in which people will live as *men,* in which individuals will be free to follow their desired fields of endeavor, in which one gets from life that which he needs and desires, in which men will live as a large happy family, in which all work for one and one works for all, in which there shall be *freedom, justice* and *equality.*

This is the real message, the real lesson that the people of Spain are sending to all workers of the world. Theirs is a message that so long as there exists government or authority, so long shall the people be inflicted with inequality, injustice.

And as an answer to this message we send them our voice of solidarity. To those men and women, to those fathers and mothers, to those sons and daughters let us raise our greetings of hope and say—Onward, people of Spain, onward—on the battlefield, in your fight for the liberation of man, as you point your arms against the enemy, may we clasp hands across the seas toward the one and only redeemer of man—Social Revolution.

DAWN

HELP, WORKERS, HELP!

The National Confederation of Labor (C.N.T.) and the Iberian Anarchist Federation (F.A.I.) addresses this message to the workers of America, Asia, Europe and the world over, in order to solicit moral and material aid. We appeal to the active solidarity of the whole proletariat and to all men who are aware of the decisive nature of the present struggle in Spain.

We find it necessary to tell briefly, to all who, though far away, are morally supporting our cause, what the real situation in Spain is.

Despite the partisan information disseminated by the various proletarian and political organizations who present the Spanish anti-Fascist movement as exclusively directed by the popular front—in which the Communists and Socialists play the leading role—the truth is different.

The struggle against Fascism is being carried on mainly because of the heroism, the fighting spirit and the large number of Spanish workers organized around the C.N.T. and the F.A.I. In Catalonia, we have completely influenced the direction of the movement; realizing the necessity of crushing Fascism first, we have not limited the movement to something exclusively libertarian. We wanted to maintain the unity of the anti-Fascist front above all. We used our influence in the entire network of Catalonian economic life in the creation of economic councils, work councils in the factories, mines, etc. These councils are stabilizing the entire economic life of the region so as to make it the basis for the social organization of the future.

But it would be inconceivable at a time when we are struggling heroically and victoriously against Fascism—and at the same time putting in order the economic and social life without the cooperation of the organs of bourgeois state—for the international proletariat not to ex-

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WHAT HAPPENED IN SPAIN

Background of the Situation

It is almost impossible to write at this day anything resembling a history of the first two months of the Spanish Civil War. Nevertheless, enough data is available to give a fairly accurate idea of what the latest events mean to the Spanish people and to the world.

History will trace to remoter roots the causes of these events. However, for our purpose it will suffice to say that the political revolution of April 14th, 1931, did not touch the deeper causes of economic and social unrest. The facade of the State was changed—the deposed monarchy of the House of Bourbon was succeeded by the Republic headed by Alcala Zamora—a devout Catholic democrat—and Manuel Azana—a stern bourgeois republican. But the ruling class remained unchanged.

The first impetus of the new regime brought about a considerable onslaught against the entrenched privileges of the Catholic Church. But it was of short duration. The new Republic was unable to solve any of the fundamental problems of the situation of which the foremost were: land, church and bureaucracy. A few months after the proclamation of the Republic, a monarchist general, Sanjurjo, who had been maintained by the new regime as head of the powerful "Guardia Civil," staged a short lived "pronunciamento" in Seville which was doomed to failure only by the prompt uprising of the workers' population of that city.

This attempt should have warned the Republic against the power of its enemies. Instead the warning went unheeded — and in due course of time the forces of reaction managed to have themselves elected to a majority of seats in Parliament, in the fall of 1933.

This success, the first since the fall of the monarchy, enhanced the so-called Rightist Parties—that is, the landed aristocracy, the Catholics, young De Rivera's Fascists, Juan March's plutocracy, the military clique—who constituted the new government under the leadership of Alexander Lerroux, and went to work to consolidate their come-back by undoing most of what had been done by the Leftists to strengthen the young Republic.

It was then that Francis Largo Caballero, former Counsellor to King Alfonso during the Primo De Rivera regime, former minister of Labor in the Azana Cabinet, and now head of the socialist Union General del Trabajo, proclaimed himself an extreme Leftist, the "Lenin of Spain." This move was probably aimed at inviting into the socialist union ranks the proscribed members of the Anarcho-syndicalist union—the Confederation National del Trabajo—which had been outlawed by the reactionary national government and was ferociously persecuted also by the Catalan Generalidad in Barcelona. If such it failed.

The persecuted members of the C.N.T. fought a single handed battle against a coalition of Enemies. But in the end their enemies shared their fate in defeat.

The October Revolt

In the October revolt of 1934, the autonomous government of Catalonia was easily defeated by the Madrid Government, simply because the Catalan Nationalists had refused to arm the C.N.T. and Anarchists for their mutual defense. At the same time the revolt was suppressed in Madrid; in Asturias, where thousands of fierce miners, undivided by internecine strife, were able to fight for several weeks, it was suppressed with unheard of ferocity by a few regiments of Moors and Foreign Legion imported by the government from Morocco.

The October victory of the Rightist Government was atrocious; about 5,000 people had been killed; more than 30,000 had been imprisoned.

Sooner than expected, it became evident that the bloody suppression of the October revolt had deepened and widened the social and political gap between the Spanish people and their government, that to placate the former the latter had to make amends, or face the music of a new revolt in which all the radical parties and labor unions would have fought in a united front with the Catalan Nationalist, whose leaders were among the 30,000 prisoners.

"Frente Popular" Victory

Thus came about the general political elections of February 16th, 1936. A large Leftist representation was sent to the Cortez. A new government, headed by Manuel Azana had to be named within a few days, to allay the public sentiment which was "running wild." Prison doors had to be opened to the political prisoners before an amnesty decree could be published. Finally, Alcala Zamora was compelled to vacate the presidency of the Republic and was succeeded by Manuel Azana who called to the government some of his faithful politicians.

This time the people; that is, the militant sections of the people, were deciding to take things in their own hands. Rumors of a militarist putsch were frequent. The government seemed unable to cope with such a danger. It arrested some of the leaders, it demoted to minor positions some of the more suspected generals, but all in all it proved itself unable to allay the justified fears of the public and even to provide for its own safety.

From February 16th to July 16th, 1936, the "Frente Popular," government of Spain did nothing but stultify itself. It dared not lay its hands—which were supposed to be the hands of the law—on the openly conspiring reactionaries of the fascist, catholic and militarist parties, and at the same time it was unwilling or unable to restrain the militarist Leftists, from whom it had received its mandate, in their defensive action against the open conspiracy of the Rightists.

So, under the nose of an impotent and inefficient government, the only bulwark of democracy was the popular action, which manifested itself with attacks to church and convents, executions of notorious fascists or reactionaries, attempts at occupation of feudal lands, strikes—all over the country.

The Fascist Putsch

The execution, on July 14th, of Jose Calvo Sotelo, a member of the Cortez who had been a Minister of Finance at the time of Primo de Rivera, and was now one of the most ruthless leaders of the fascist conspiracy, was but an episode of this internal struggle of the Spanish people and was taken by the militarists as the signal of their mutiny.

The "pronunciamento"—for centuries almost an institution among the officers of the Spanish Army—started in Spanish Morrocco on July 17th. General

The Fascist Putch

Francisco Franco—who had been "demoted" to the Canary Islands—arrived in Ceuta by plane, and in a few hours the garrisons of the principal cities in Morrocco placed themselves in a state of rebellion.

On the 18th, the Madrid Government found itself without an army. As news came in from city after city that the upper officers of the army were siding with the Morroccan sedition, even the government became aware of the fact—which had been for a long time known to all in Spain—that the "Union Militar Espagnola" had organized a first rate military rebellion throughout the country, and that something had to be done to face the situation.

But what can a government do without an army?

The only ones who had a clear vision of what was to be done on that fateful day were the Spanish workers. For days, in expectation of what was then happening, they had been arming as best they could, and calling for other workers to arm, for the powers that held them to give them arms. The government was clearly afraid to arm the workers. An appeal of the "Federacion Anarquica Iberica," calling to the people to take up arms in self defense, against the "fascist danger" which was already a "reality," was censored by the Government on July 17th.

Premier Quiroga resigned. A new Cabinet was formed in panic, and then another. Finally a political nonentity—Jose Giral—assumed the premiership out of friendship for Manuel Azana.

The Civil War

That night, July 18, the military revolt took to the streets. In immediate danger of losing their power and their lives, the government finally decided to give arms to the people or let them take arms wherever they could.

And so the civil war started in the streets of Madrid, Barcelona, Saragoza, Valencia, Seville—all over Spain.

Thanks to the workers, Madrid and Barcelona were saved from the militaristic putsch by sundown, Sunday, July 19th, after fierce fighting through the streets, squares and ramblas of those two most important cities, where many a good seasoned militant lost his life. Comrade Francisco Ascaso,was hit and killed by machine gun fire that very day during an assault against a military barracks, in Barcelona.

Valencia was made sure of fascist domination by its workers on July 22nd. But Saragoza was overpowered by the mutineers after strenuous fighting and frightful executions of its most militant leftists.

Meanwhile, by ship and plane, Franco's Moors and Foreign Legion passed the Straights of Gibraltar, conquered Algeciras, Cadiz, Seville, and then reached Granada and Cordoba. In the north, the mutineers entrenched themselves in Navarre and Old Castille under the leadership of general Mola. The Basque Country succeded in expelling the Fascists from San Sebastian, Irun and Oyarzun, only to succumb again after weeks of heroic resistance and the utter destruction of Irun. The miners of Asturias, after having liberated the sea port of Gijon, are now besieging Oviedo, while their rear is in danger of assault by the Legionnaires of General Mola proceeding from San Sebastian towards Bilbao.

At this moment the capital itself seems to be in danger from the advancing fascist army approaching from the southwest, where about two thousand militarists entrenched in the ruins of the Toledo Alcazar refuse to surrender.

"Cruelties"

This civil war, which costs over one hundred thousand lives, has been accompanied by tremendous cruelties. After the conquest of Badajoz, near the Portuguese border, no less than 4,000 Leftist defenders were executed on August 14th under the orders of Colonel Juan Yague.

The international press has loudly screamed during these months about the Loyalists' cruelties and ferocity, their lack of respect for churches and convents, priests, friars and nuns; and the "holy father," from his sumptuous villa in the Roman countryside, has frequently and copiously wailed over the sad fate of his bereft Spanish children.

No effort should be made to attempt to excuse the Spanish Loyalists for their reprisals against the gentry of the Church. The Catholic clergy is, and always has been, in Spain, one of the main pillars of reaction. They have had a large part in the military putsch. The Catholic political leader Gill Robles has been and still is one of its organizers and abettors. No more intransigent enemies have the Republic and the people of Spain than the tonsured ladies and gentlemen of the Church. When the Union Militar Espagnola gave the signal, on July 17th, priests and friars took up arms and fought as they are still fighting in the ranks of the Fascists, side by side with the infidels and dubious Legionnaires imported from Morocco. In Barcelona, in Valencia, as well as in other cities, churches and convents were transformed into fascist redouts, since the beginning of the uprising, and from there not only armed workers and militia were shot at, but whoever happened to pass by, even doctors and red cross nurses in the pursuit of their supposedly sacred missions.

Let the old faker in the Vatican preach his holy crusade against the Spanish people fighting for their lives and liberties, his "lambs" have been pitiless in the fascist war, and it is only human that they should find no more mercy than they practice.

Fascist Intervention

Had it been left to its own resources, the fascist putsch would have been disposed of in a few days or in a few weeks, although its own resources were conspicuous. They included: about 80 per cent of the regular army and almost all of the officialdom, besides the Maroccan garrisons, one-third of the Guardia Civil Corps, two major navy units, most of the armaments, the financial resources of the Spanish aristocracy, plutocracy and clergy. But on the government's side were the people, with the possible exception of devout and monarchist Navarre; most of the Navy: the most progressive and important centers; most of the aviation; the moral support of the workers of the whole world. Given the fighting spirit of the Spanish workers, and the Loyalists' air of superiority, it should not have been impossible to bar the fascist generals' advance.

Instead, their advance has been steady on all fronts —except the Aragon front, where the Catalan Militia have always been on the offensive. Madrid itself would be under attack, had it not been possible to hinder Franco's jannissaires in the Talavera region by flooding that part of the country.

This was made possible only by foreign aid to the fascists.

Since the fall or forced landing of three Italian planes, manned by officers of the Italian army and carrying arms for Gen. Franco's Moroccan mutineers—on French soil in Algeria, it has been an open secret that Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany are actively supporting the Spanish militarists. They have sent them dozens of planes, scores of aviators, certainly loads of arms and ammunitions. And what is more, it has been affirmed but never denied, that the Italian and German Governments were not only informed of the impending military coup, but parties to its preparation, receiving, for their support, the promise of special privileges over the Balearic and Canary Islands, and in Spanish Morocco.

This foreign help has enabled Gen. Franco to transport from Morocco to Spain all the troops he could muster, for the conquest of the southwestern cities, and then proceed towards Madrid. News from the various fronts of the civil war inform daily that most if not all of the Fascists' air fighting is done by Italian and German planes. And it is an open secret that since July 17th Portugal is receiving arms and supplies of all kinds which it transmits to the Fascist Army.

At the same time dictatorial Portugal refuses asylum to such Spanish Loyalists who after defeat seek refuge within its borders. Many have been forcefully pushed back on Spanish soil to meet certain and cruel death at the hands of Fascist soldiery.

Neutrality

Neither active nor extensive solidarity has the republican and constitutional government of Spain received from any of the governments with which it entertains friendly relations. Although it is the rule that when a government is assailed by a domestic rebellion it may buy arms and ammunitions, with which

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THE REVOLUTION UPSIDE-DOWN

Time was when a revolution breaking out in any section of our turbulent little world signified an uprising of outraged and suffering masses against their exploiters of whatever power or lineage. One need only glance back to the historic upheaval of 73 B.C. when the slaves rose in rebellion against Roman tyranny; one need only look to the breadless masses in France that revolted against the Bourbonic floggers; one need only look to the bloody uprisings by workers and peasants in darkest Russia for bread and freedom, denied them by a self-anointed Romanoff dynasty; then again, one need not look to any of these by-gone occurrences and still not be amiss in claiming the "revolution" for the down-trodden and the oppressed.

With dictatorial government of one form or another ascending after the close of the memorable World War, our little world has gone topsy-turvy. Italy gave birth to a new Caesar who sent out his sky-rocketing blaze for national and political unity, and the whole nation, capitalists and workers, savants and laymen, shop-owners and landless peasants—with feeble resistence by radical and liberal minorities—responded to the call, obtusive of the clear-seen fact that Fascism, like its ghost-brother, Capitalism, will keep them — referring to the lower classes — in political subjugation and economic distress. In Germany, too, they responded to Nazi dictatorship, notwithstanding the visible reality that Nazism, with all its hallybaloo about a dignified race, will keep them where they belong; that is, under strict dominance and on subsistent wages.

Now we witness a revolution in Spain against the Republic that after many months of strife, martial law and general strikes the Leftists have unseated the Reactionaries, or Right Wingers, and helped organize a Popular government. And it isn't a political swing to change the existing order by a new popular elections, either. The bloody fighting with which the insurgents started their campaign of combat indicate that sudden rebellion is a full-fledged outburst of discontent among a section of Spain's masses—such as the world has been wont to witness in a repressed and outraged people.

The question now before us is: Who made the revolution? From first hand information we gather that the army, or a greatest portion of it, led by Fascist generals and supported by Spain's capitalism, is responsible for the sudden outbreak; added to this are the mercenary legions drawn from Morocco who are well trained in the art of warfare and care little about whom or what they are fighting. Then, as the bitter struggle progresses, we hear also of Italian Fascism and German Nazism lending support to the fighting batallions of the revolution. In other words, from all reports and indications, the present outbreak in Spain is earmarked as a military revolt.

Superficially it may be so, but factually, if we care to analyze the internal unrest by revolutionary fascism which has been brewing there ever since Alphonse was voted out from the country, the picture changes completely. These Right Wingers, or Blue Shirters, as Spanish fascism is known, undoubtedly march side by side with the armed battalions in this most-violent, death-spreading rebellion. The fact that the Government in one single day rounded up 600 civilian rebels in the city of Madrid (press report, August 5th) is enough proof of undercover participation by Fascist civilians in this flaring rebellion against the existing semi-Communist and semi-Socialist regime. This fact was even admitted by General Mola, rebel commander in the northern front of military operations, when he openly made clear in a statement:

> . . . . "One must emphasize that this is a purely republican movement. We simply wish to free the country from Communism and reconstruct the State on authoritarian principles. Ours is not a military coup, but a mass movement of the people of Spain against the forces of internationalism."

This fact doubtless explains the well-prepared well-organized war machinery that enabled the insurgents to establish their authority over so many of the country's provinces.

Again the question must be asked: Who are these rebels that so obstinately and persistently shed their blood in a mad onslaught upon the workers and peasants of Spain? Surely they cannot spring from the ranks of capitalist or even well-to-do elements. Capitalists do not send their sons to the field of battle; they usually hire sons from not-so-fortunate parents to do the fighting for them. It has been so in all wars, and this one is no exception. We must, therefore, reasonably conclude that the largest bulk of fighting rebels, both military and civilian, is made up of sons from the deprived and landless population. Like their brothers-in-misery who helped establish dictatorships now prevailing in Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, Spanish garbage-eaters flock to the colors of Fascism to help destroy the little hope Spanish workers gained in, what promised to be, their own proletarian government.

A sorrowful page is being written in the history of revolutionary movements since Mussolini instilled his "black" dogmatism into the patriotic souls of the Roman masses. It bespeaks of pest-carrying rats having profaned the Temple of sacred combat. For, after all, notwithstanding all repressions and crushing defeats rebels and revolutions have suffered in the course of historic transitions, Revolution stands out as a symbol of heroic struggle for human rights and human liberties, not for tyranny and oppression.

Yet the plain facts are right before us. The poverty-stricken masses in Spain, who for centuries have been kept in a state of feudalism and blind ignorance by clericalism and aristocracy, keep on uniting with all reactionary forces for military dictatorship—why? It is hard, in the face of so many civil wars that have pervaded Spain the past five years, to supply the answer; but as far as can be seen through a dark glass, the following attributive conclusions are almost inescapable:

First. The failure by the Republic, past and present, to provide the agrarian and industrial population with a means of decent livelihood; the post-war economic depression that gripped the whole of Europe and America has not been alleviated by either the first or second radical (?) government from which millions of destitute Spaniards hoped to be assured with a right to work and live a decent life. Like all political leaders, the governing officials were concerned, primarily, with maintaining their own high positions and let the devil take the rest.

Second. The land and industry were left in the concentrated hands of big estates and corporations from which the owners derived large profits while the landless and unemployed were allowed to get along as best they could by either resorting to theft, tramping or starvation.

Third. By maintaining the huge bureaucracy, mainly from landowners and nobility, that controls the nation's cultural life, it has been able to bolster up a national spirit among the patriotically inclined Spaniards who think in terms of national existence rather than economic or political rehabilitation. A patriot, we must remember, would rather die for his country than live for it.

Lastly, we must take into account the dominant influence of Catholicism upon the population of Spain; it certainly has breeded a large portion of faithful who will align with any reactionary movement in whom they can hope to save the religious institution from destruction by radical iconoclasticism.

All these factors cannot be overlooked when dealing with the situation in Spain. They point well to a rising tide of discontent among classes of all dogmatic principles and ideas. They sound a warning note to all entrusted leaders of proletarian emancipation not to repeat the fallacious blunderings that produced such chaotic disorder in revolutionary ranks. At the same time, it postulates an intentified mobement by all radical groups for reverting this "about-face" course in the class struggle lest all social ideas that have been spread and propagated to awaken the suffering masses against tyranny and oppression shall have been in vain. We owe it to the heroic, almost legendary, sacrifices the workers and peasants of Spain are bringing in defense of the "real" revolution. The blood streaming from these heroic martyrs roars out a new voice—a voice that calls for concerted action against both, despotic rulers and their blind followers.

Two lessons can Anarchism draw from the responsible factors that led to a rupture in the class struggle. One is the political mire in which the Socialist groups have dragged in the proletarian masses, hoping that through a manuevering with political statesmanship they will succeed in pacifying the dissenters with half-baked reforms. The other is the chaotic state into which governments of all kind and at all times have thrown their civilian populations. In spite of the false claim that the function of governmental authority is necessary for the preservation of law and order, there never lived a government that did not need resort to the vilest means for suppressing discontented and wayward citizens in order to maintain her authority. There always were and always will be intriguing elements that aim for usurpation of power—hence, disorder within order is as natural as the natural law of cause and effect.

Anarchism propagates the doctrine of free society, and until the world recognizes the evils of authoritative rule, the people living in it will ever be subjected to the ills of war, strife and political dominance of one form or another.

S. POLINOW.

DOCUMENTS FROM SPAIN

The bourgeois press seldom speaks the truth, and its readers know very little about the unyielding constancy in the fight Spanish workers are waging against the most tremendous enemy of humanity: Fascism. Such readers are not told that the Spanish workers are the untamed revolutionaries whose energy nothing can stop or lessen; they ignore the fact that the fascists are trying to repress the irrepressible while the Spanish masses are fighting to bring about peace and happiness in the midst of freedom.

"The Spanish conflict", writes Sebastian Faure, "has reached the explosive tension between yesterday's Spain that refuses to die and to-morrow's Spain that wishes to live and develop. We are now witnessing the tragical and decisive duel which will only stop at the death of one of the two opponents. On one side, capitalism propping itself upon the stupifying and the physical submission of the masses by priesthood and militarism; and on the other side, Spain struggling to free itself from the mental throttling and material brutalizing of holy water sprinklers and swords rattlers. In a word, it is the dramatic encounter between Spain of palaces and castles and the one of dog-holes and old shacks; of Spain of leisure and parasites and the Spain of producers; between a damnable minority craving for power and domination and the immense multitude hungering for rebellion and freedom."

"The Spanish Revolution is Our Revolution!" runs the headline in "Libertaire", and numerous are the French syndicalists and anarchists who are fighting Fascism in Spain while more and more of them are on their way. And here are a few words received from an anarchist comrade and published in "Le Liberttaire" of July 31st.

Pingcerda, July 27th, 1936.

Comrade Fremont and comrades of the "A.U."

We arrived yesterday morning in Pingcerda; we met such an enthusiasm that all hopes seem to be possible.

One of the best forebodings is that the masses are armed; they have in hand their freeing tool and one sure thing, they will not let it loose.

The organization is perfect, full of tact; syndicalist and anarchist elements don't crush neighboring representations in the "Workers' Alliance." By their incontestable influence they have taken the right direction. And what is of great importance is that all decisions taken by the revolutionary Committee bear the mark of the syndicalist-anarchist.

1. Abolition of all archives that justify private property.
2. Fight for appropriate social hygiene.
3. Destruction of old and unsanitary shacks and dwellings and the requisition of all indispensable buildings. All those concerned in this dwelling question are to register at once with the revolutionary Committee.
4. 36-hour week for all workers.
5. Fight without mercy until fascism is entirely annihilated.

Appropriate measures:

Any fascist who tries to hinder the revolutionary action is to be shot.

I have to be brief for we must start this very morning for Saragoza or Barcelona to be sent from there to the Spanish insurrectional center.

Fraternal greetings from all comrades,

PIERRE ALBERT.

And here is a manifesto published in Barcelona:

To the Working Masses!

The workers of Barcelona have defeated fascism. The victory has only been possible through the revolutionary efforts of the C.N.T. and the F.A.I. This deed is of great importance to the fight against international fascism. However, the struggle is not over yet; at Saragoza, Seville and other cities of the Peninsula, there still exist fascist nests.

The C.N.T. and the F.A.I. are with you working masses! Comrades, workers, free conscious men, stand all arm in hand to definitely crush fascism! Working masses keep yourselves ready, organize in militia, give up neither your arms nor ammunitions. Be constantly in touch with the labor syndicates. Your life and your freedom are in your hands.

Hail the C.N.T.
Hail the F.A.I.
Hail the Free Masses!

The Regional Committee of the C.N.T. and F.A.I.
Barcelona July 21-36.

Now there may be war complications. In France, Blum and his United Front government remain the tools of reaction. Indeed, arms and war material ordered and paid for by the regular Spanish government before the revolution are not to be delivered. (No doubt, by orders of those who hold the governmental strings.) The French workers protest. And contrary to the advice of the Communist Party, in case of war against Germany and Italy, they will spread the revolutionary flame as the only logical way by which the Spanish comrades themselves and the workers at large can be helped and possibly gain their freedom.

Again, why are the Spanish churches burned down? Every "well-thinking" person curses the incendiarism of religious temples, but they ignore the reason why such Catholic people, as the Spaniards, would be carried away by such hatred against priesthood.

It is a well-known fact that the churches in Barcelona were the fascistic depots of ammunitions. Every church in that city was a military fort from which the fascists were firing with machine-guns upon the workers. And, consequently, the masses, in seeing their number slaughtered from the "Houses of God", became angered and furiously revenged themselves in setting them on fire.

By all means let us bring to light the heroic fight of the Spanish workers; let us spread the ideas which bring them such an enthusiasm.

JULES SCARCERIAUX.

IN RETROSPECT OF CURRENT EVENTS

A Statement of Facts

Amidst a commercially ridden world we set out, in January, 1933, to publish a non-commercial paper. We felt certain that a non-compromising voice of Truth, Justice and Freedom would find sufficient support even in this super-ballyhooed land of greed and commerce. That our contention was not a mistaken one was proven 16 months later by the inception of a campaign of intimidation from that very institution that MAN!, as an anarchist journal, unceasingly kept on exposing as the chief protector of the present order of exploitation—the Government.

It was in the nearly part of April, 1934, that the agencies of the United States Government swooped down upon readers of MAN! in various parts of the country. Picked out were those whose names had appeared as material contributors toward the publication of MAN! "Alien" readers were questioned for hours as to why they read and supported such a paper, and finally warned with the threat of deportation if they would persist in reading and supporting MAN!. "Citizens" were treated in the same manner, and warned with revocation of their "citizenship". "Natives" were not left out either. Ewing C. Baskette, attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union of Nashville, Tenn., was also paid a visit. In a few instances those visited were beaten up at the Government headquarters where they were brought. Some were even made to lose their jobs at the instigation of Government agents. The culmination of this campaign of intimidation reached its zenith in that month by the arrest and subsequent sentencing to deportation of Vincent Ferrero and Domenick Sallitto for the "crime" of having leased part of their restaurant premises as a mailing address for MAN!

When Roger Baldwin, director of The American Civil Liberties Union, asked for an explanation for this campaign of intimidation against MAN! from the U. S. Commissioner of Immigration D. W. MacCormack, the latter pleaded complete ignorance as to what his own subordinates throughout the country were doing. After a "promised" investigation, Mr. MacCormack claimed to have ordered a stoppage to the crusade against MAN!.

But was this crusade stopped?

The proceedings against Ferrero and Sallitto were not only not dropped, but carried on with a vengeance. Before the board of review, that renders the ultimate decision of every deportation victim's fate, were placed urgent pleas by Mr. MacCormack's agents of California not to desist from handing over the lives of Ferrero and Sallitto to Fascist Italy—where long imprisonment or death would be meted out to them. "Public opinion", claimed the immigration agents, demanded this. How much of a brazen and shameless lie this was can best be attested to by the fact that mass meetings protesting the scheduled deportation of these two men as well as the government's crusade against MAN! were held in San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Newark and many other cities. Not a single meeting was held anywhere that demanded or approved the actions of the Immigration Department of the government.

Complaints reached us again and again from various parts of the country that issues of MAN! were never received by the readers. We soon learned that every issue of MAN! is being held up for about five days before it is approved by the authorities at Washington, or ordered destroyed without our being even informed of the fact.

The agencies of the Government did not stop at even approaching and intimidating printers, as a result of which we were forced to change printers no less than four times during the last two years.

But all these difficulties placed in our way did not succeeded in stopping us from continuing to issue MAN!.

A few days before the eleventh of June of this year, the editor of MAN!—Marcus Graham—received an order from the Immigration Department of San Francisco to present himself on that date to their grace, mercy and justice. And the editor knew what that meant. Way back in 1919—seventeen years ago—he was arrested at Paterson, N. J. for the "crime" of having distributed anarchist literature. In open court, the following day, he proudly proclaimed his beliefs in the literature he circulated. After being held for two weeks in jail, he was taken to Ellis Island for another two weeks' stay. Canada, the country of his birth, refused to accept him. Thus, he became a "citizen" without a country. In February, 1921, he was seized in the New York Public Library by detectives of the infamous New York Bomb Squad. After undergoing a 24 hour third degree ordeal, he was taken to Ellis Island. The doctors of the Island refused to admit him unless the police assumed responsibility for the condition of his bruised and beaten-up body. Harry Weinberger, attorney, had photos taken of his body and placed before the then reigning Mayor Hyland—who, of course, did nothing about it. This time Graham was held on Ellis Island for fully six months. Since Canada still refused to accept him, the Immigration authorities offered to "aid" him in entering any country he would choose—illegally. But he declined to assist the government in having himself deported. In 1930, he was seized at Yuma, Arizona, for the crime of having in his possession two copies of "An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry" which he had compiled and edited. Within two weeks time he was hustled from Yuma, Ariz., to El Centro, Cal., and thence to Los Angeles. A nation-wide protest by authors and liberals forced a dismissal of the new attempt to deport him, this time to Mexico. The board of review's decision simply stated that a deportation order against Graham is still pending since 1919; therefore the present proceedings are being dismissed. The notice to appear and surrender to the immigration authorities on June 11, 1936, meant then *that the decision rendered against Graham seventeen years ago was to be invoked once again!*

Every time that Graham was arrested in the past was not done out of his own volition. This time it meant not only to voluntarily surrender for arrest and persecution, but, equally so, the recognition of any government's right to jail and persecute human beings. As an anarchist, Graham holds that the government exercises a power of usurping the rights of society and, as such, has no right to persecute any of its members. With the full approval of the International Group that issues MAN!, he therefore, chose to ignore the order of voluntary surrender to the Government.

Thus a new situation has been created for our editor. And, like revolutionists in the olden days of czaristic Russia, he has now been forced into leading a clandestine life by the U. S. government. His continuing to function as editor of MAN! must, therefore, be terminated. But if the Government has figured that this would also bring about the termination of MAN! they have another guess coming. True enough, the action of the Government is the most direct attack upon the freedom of the press in this country. But the voice of Truth, Justice and Freedom — the basic foundations upon which rest the ideal of Anarchy, cannot and shall not be silenced so easily.

If the Government is bent upon driving the anarchist movement underground, the anarchist movement will meet the situation as it has done in the Palmer days of Wilson and in the Czarist days of Russia. The future harassings by the Government will determine this. In the meantime, new forces within the Anarchist movement have stepped in to continue the publication of MAN!

The issuing of MAN! for more than three and one half years is something of which we are indeed very proud. And in parting with the readers, we cannot for one moment forget the trust and full-hearted support that the collaborators and readers of MAN! have given to us, and which alone helped to make MAN! what it has been. We feel equally confident that the comrades who are now taking over the responsibility of continuing the publication of MAN! will likewise receive the same support and trust.

And because Truth cannot be throttled nor freedom be extinguished we can but shout forth:

Long live Anarchy—the Hope of a Freed Mankind!
Long live MAN!—the Voice of this Hope that Must Come True.

MARCUS GRAHAM,
INTERNATIONAL GROUP OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The fact that this journal has been persecuted in every possible way in the state of California is an inspiration to us to continue the excellent work which it has carried on for more than three years. It is with this aim in mind that we take over the work and sincerely hope that we can continue printing a journal worthy of its name.

Editor.

Harvard Celebrates

Amid the pomp and ceremony which goes along with a tercentenary celebration such as has taken place during the last month at Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, President "emeritus" of that institution, was again reminded of the atrocity he helped to commit nine years ago in the state of Massachusetts, the state wherein is erected the monument of our forefathers, depicting Freedom, Equality, Education and Justice. On September 18, 1936, in an auditorium filled with academicians and learned men of the world, Lowell was making one of his rare public appearances—and a most solemn one. However, he found that the audience was presenting him—in the form of a pamphlet—a black reminder of how he helped to have Sacco and Vanzetti executed.

According to the daily press, the pamphlet—"Walled In This Tomb"—is an exposition of the most manifest incongruities in the decision handed down by the Judge and in the investigations of Governor Fuller by a committee of three: Robert Grant, retired judge; S. W. Stratton, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and A. Lawrence Lowell, president of the committee and at that time president of Harvard University. Compiled by alumni and ex-students of Harvard, the pamphlet bears the signatures of the following: Charles Angoff, publicist; Newton Arvin, writer; George Biddle, artist; Heywood Broun, journalist; Stuart Chase, economist; Malcolm Cowley, publicist; Horace A. Davis, writer; John Dos Passos, man of letters; Osmond K. Fraenkel, attorney; Varian Fry, publicist; Lewis G. Gannett, man of letters; Aron S. Gilmartin, employee; Frank C. Harrighan, author; Powers Hapgood, organizer; John Herling, Socialist Party publicity director; Granville Hicks, author; Quincy Howe, publicist; Gardner Jackson, attorney; William M. Konikov, physician; Walter H. Pollak, attorney; Eliot D. Pratt of the American Civil Liberties Union; George D. Pratt Jr., agriculturer; Alexander E. Waterman Wise, publicist.

We cannot imagine what Lowell, an old retired man, must have endured in a moment of great solemnity and importance. We can say, however, that this is a most appropriate reminder, one which should follow those men responsible for the death of two innocent men, one which should haunt them to their very graves.

Today, after nine years, today, while thousands of workers in Spain—many of them Saccos and Vanzettis—are losing their lives, today we can be happy in thinking that there is still someone who is keeping a close watch over the graves of the two martyrs.

The Folly Of Voting

We ask you who are enslaved not to vote in the coming General Election.

Our reason is that we do not believe in government by the majority, nor by the minority either.

We do not believe in government at all.

The ballot system of government is a dismal failure, even supposing it, for a moment, to be right in theory.

Thus, some of those who seek election do so either for the direct emoluments they hope to gain, or indirectly to advance their own interests and satisfy their vanity. Such men will not sacrifice their own ends for the public weal.

Many candidates are, however, in the beginning, fairly honest in their motives and intentions. But a man who enters the political world soon finds out that fraud, cunning, hypocrisy, and trickery are freely used by his opponents, and to successfully cope with them he must adopt their tactics. He things he is justified by expediency in doing this, and perhaps honestly believes that he can use these weapons to gain victory for an honest cause. But he is mistaken. Fraud and falsehood can never serve a righteous end. The man who uses trickery, even to vanquish wrong, is already a trickster, and is no better, morally, than he who uses trickery for avowedly dishonorable purposes.

Political corruption and dishonesty are so notoriously apparent that even believers in government, advocates of political action, are fully conscious of it. Cet they go on voting, with the vague hope that, in some mysterious way, conditions will be changed, and that, after a while, enough pure men will be elected to ensure an honest administration of public affairs.

Their hopes are never realized. New men are put in and new parties assume control, but the same results ensue. The real trouble is with the system, not with those who administer it. The very nature and principle of government, of human authority, is demoralizing, corrupting and wrong. As long as human nature is what it is, we cannot expect men in power to disregard their individual interests, nor to escape the damning influences of power over their better self.

The man who votes, even though he votes for the defeated candidate, gives his sanction to the whole scheme and process of election, authority, coercion.

We do not wish to be governed, we do not acknowledge and will not admit the right of any man or body of men to rule over one another; we do not wish to govern others. We know of no moral or social right why we have to do so, and consequently we decline to impose our views upon others through the agency of the ballot, and thus set in motion the whole paraphernalia of force and violence—policemen, judges, executioners, soldiers, tax-gatherers, etc. — used to coerce others into doing as we think they ought to do.

We want for every man, woman and child the right to govern themselves, to direct their own affairs, to live heir own lives. This can never be whilst private property, exploitation and government exist.

Think, workers, and you will acknowledge that it is for the defence of property that all this electioneering, this legislation, this making and unmaking of laws, whose name is legion, takes place. To defend the property you have created, the houses you have built, the food you have grown, the clothes you have made — from you, their rightful owners. And you run wild and lose time and quarrel with one another and act like lunatics generally because your masters generously allow you to make a cross upon a piece of paper; and if you have been good and voted as they wish you to, they throw you a crumb from the loaf you have toiled to make and which they have stolen from you, and you smugly return them thanks.

Learn to be men, Free men, who depend upon no master, who feed no idle, gilded loafers, who cower not beneath oppression, but who assert their right to life, liberty, and all the pursuits of happiness.

We believe you can become this; we believe you can, if you will attain a free life, socially, economically, industrially; that is why, we ask you to leave off following the red herring of politics, and instead, to refuse to obey the dictation of the gabblers of Wall Street and to support the lazy thieves of the thrice-damned Trinity—Landowners, Capitalists, Parsons.

He Who Would Be Free,
Himself Must Strike the Blow!

ANARCHISM AND ORGANIZATION - - -

There are few men left, in the field of anarchist ideas, except in isolated cases, who would defend the complete isolation of the individual. The great majority of anarchists, and also those who sustain the individualist concept of anarchism, affirm the necessity of a human conviviality and union between men.

They only maintained that man should be united in *associations* and free unions on the basis of free and voluntary relations, and never in authoritarian organizations, automatic unifications, imposing and cohercing entities; they should be in unions created by themselves, for their benefit, and never in unions in which man is a slave and a subject, the goal and activities of which are prescribed and imposed upon by those who elected themselves directors of the society's life or of the organization.

In an organization of an anarchist individualist tendency, union, group or association, every person retains his full freedom, remaining in it if he so wishes, with an undeniable right of leaving the organization when he is not in accord with the ways and relations of same, while in the organizations of a socialist tendency, in the syndicate, party or federation man has only the freedom to become part of it; but to remain in it he is forced to accept, before-hand, the will of the majority of the organization; that is to say, he must abdicate his personality, his convictions and his individuality.

"It is not due to isolation or to solitude, but rather to community or sociality that the primitive estate is characterized in man"—holds Max Stirner. "Our existence is initiated with an intimate union with another human being. For much before man can breathe by himself, independently, we live the same life with our mother. Our mother is our first relation with the world. Resting on her knees or breast, she, singing, puts us to sleep. Our natural state is determined by sociability."

But this primitive form of social conviviality, according to Stirner, disintegrates itself later, when personality is fully developed . . . "For man then tries to *create* himself, his relations with other men, relations that teach us how to feel then, as soon as the primitive and intimate union is broken and the primitive sociability decomposed.

"The child begins to prefer the new relation that brings him nearer to other human beings who are equal to him and carry him away from the environment where there are no more roots. The dissolution of society concedes this with the birth of mutual relations amongst men, or with the union (1)." Stirner, as you see, was not an enemy of human conviviality. On the contrary, he maintnained that society is the natural state of relations amongst men. But he also maintained that with the natural development of human personality, the form of these relations changed. From involuntary relations converting themselves into voluntary onces. Converting them thus to convive with other beings in a compulsory manner by necessity, into voluntary ones by the selection of the individual.

Stirner maintained that it does not exist, nor is it possible to have absolute freedom. Freedom is limited by the individuals and the things that surround one. He affirms that the individual sacrifices freely his freedom, not because he is forced to it, but because he feels happy by so doing, when it is beneficial to other men.

The only thing he denied was the right of anybody to impose his will on others, or sacrifice the individuality and personality of man in the name of feticism or idols, for instance in the name of Society, the Church, Liberty, Socialism, etc., etc.

Each human being has the right to live his life integrally to give others what he is able and what he wants, but nobody has the right to compel him to be an instrument in the hands of God, of the State, or of any other power, divine or human. Stirner affirms that man is he who composes the human convivialty and is itself evident that no other force outside of man can reorganize it or reconstruct it. It could only be renovated, with the change of men that compose it.

"Society cannot be renovated while those who compose it remain as they are" (2). In order that society could be renewed, it is necessary that the men's personality that compose it should be changed.

The same thing was maintained by another Anarchist individualist, Benjamin Tucker, "The annihilation of society has no room in the aspirations, nor has the goal of anarchists. They know well that the life of society is inseparable from the life of personality and that it is impossible to annihilate the first (society) without finishing with the second (personality)" (3).

But this society should not be a forced conviviality, but freely created and wished for by the men themselves. The forms of this conviviality should be "Free Union." One can really see that neither the individualist-anarchists nor the very extremists discuss the existence of society and the natural necessity of the existence of human conviviailty. What they discuss is the forms that the conviviality should take; how they should take; how they should be organized, created and arranged for the well being of men and the progress of humanity.

Some maintain that society is a state of unalterable human relations, in which personality can only struggle for the amplification of his rights and of his freedom, but never to remake them as he wills and wishes.

Others maintain that personality is the basis of human conviviality and that even if society is a natural primitive state, it decomposes itself later as human personality grows, and that society and human conviviality become dependents of personality. Then the human conviviality takes form and contains what the men who compose it are able to give it; the forms cease to be rigid and adjust themselves to the elements that man possesses. Therefore, the forms of organization sustained by some should differ from those maintained by others.

Some insist that the anarchist organization should have already its fundamental basis and the essential principles of anarchism: individual freedom, within the anarchist unification, to act and express his ideas and concepts and that the most educated form of such an anarchist organization is an association. They maintained that only in association is the true spirit of anarchism conserved as the first workers' anarchist organizations, traditional of Bakunin and Proudhon, such as the first International which was the International association of Workers.

An association, in its true meaning, means that in it each group and each personality has its full independence of opinion, of expression and activity, an organization in which all men of free spirit can take part, without distinction of ideas, without sacrificing his independence, the principles and idealogical basis of his unifications. Thus, truly, was the constitution and organization of the 1st international of workers' association which fell under the nefarious influence of the statists and authoritarians and, especially, of Marx, Engels and his friends. This was also the cause that carried it to its disintegration.

Here is how Bakunin understood the soul of an association. "The International Workers' Association can convert itself into an instrument of human emancipation when it is itself emancipated, and it will be emancipated when it ceases to have groups in its ranks; the majority, inert machines, and the minority of scientific directors; when each one of its members will thoroughly understand its philosophy and the political science of socialism." (4) For, as Proudhon said, "the contemporary man does not want to be organized and utilized as a machine." But many Anarchists have already forgotten or hardly know these basic concepts of our predecessors.

The anarchists of all times maintain and try to introduce in practical life the fundamental concepts of anarchism. It is not the man who should be organized but men should organize their activities, their labor and their creations. And the form of organization of anarchist activities should be as free as possible and defined by themselves in such a manner that should be easily developed, elevated and profundized, following the development of its activity and the ideas of men that compose the organization. The Anarchists organize themselves for certain idealogical and social activities, in the same manner as are organized the men who dedicated their lives to studying arts and sciences. But it is done on a basis of equality and freedom for the groups, cooperating on the basis of mutual understanding, coincidence or free acceptance of opinions, concepts and tactics, without these existing machines or directors.

Others sustain, even though anarchism propagates freedom in human relations, it is necessary momentarily, for the good of the realization of ideas, to accommodate differences with reality and then to accept the submission of personality to the will of the majorities, to accept tactics that the situation may demand and if it is necessary to practice violence, cohersion and authority for the good of the work to be realized. Opportunism is an evil, but it is inevitable. Possibilities are dangerous, but should be utilized. True anarchists never lost track of their ideas. It is only the weak and cowardly who have feared, because they did not know well their ideas, and many of the audacious ones have sailed way . . . but few remain anarchists.

It is not only that the anarchist organizations suffer from this evil of opportunism. The labor organizations suffer from it much more so. Especially so the organizations that have some social aspirations, and all those who sincerely want the anarchist social movement to progress should work constantly so that the movement should recuperate its vigor and light, so that the anarchist organizations be true free unifications of conscious men, full of life and creative energies, possessing love for man, with a humanitarian spirit, social and mutualist. Let the class struggle organizations be converted into associations of free men, united in the creation of social production and in all the interests of everybody, without difference of races, nations, territorial borders, languages, and social classes. Let all human unifications be converted into schools of solidarity, mutual tolerance, loev and respect for human personality, so that they would serve to elevate each and everyone in their struggle with prejudices and existing evils.

Let the social anarchist organizations be associations in which there would not be majority of machines and a minority of scientific directors, and where each one of its members would fully understand the science and philosophy of anarchism. Anarchists should be in associations in which men are not "organized" and used as *Machines*, they should be personalities with their own concepts, their own initiative, who would never submit themselves to strange wills, but accept voluntarily to participate in the common work of social reconstruction.

It is self-evident that this form of organization is more complicated than the imposing organizations in which everything is solved by the imposition and will of a director, or of a "genius", who knows it all, difficult as it may be. It is the only form by which men should accustom themselves to act by their own accord, be responsible for what they do and do things voluntarily and in accord with their convictions and ideas. It is the only form for an anarchist organization, that can well serve for the preparation of men to live in solidarity, mutual aid, tolerance and love; that can elevate them spiritually, intellectually and morally; it can serve as a field experimentation, with all the best forms of relations and the best methods of education so they can live with their kind in harmony, be able to create a more beautiful life, so that they can always be prompt to work for their own moral, spiritual and intellectual elevation and so found the basis for the formation of a human type, superior in all ways to the man of today.

ANATOL GORLIK.
Buenos Aires, March/1936.
Translated by Louis Raymond.

1) Max Stirner. "Der Einziger und sein Eigentum", German print, Chapt. My relations.
2) Max Stirner—Same.
3) Tucker, "Instead of a Book", or Elsbacker, "Anarchy," Russian print. Page 167.
4) M. Bakunin, the "Organization of the International." See works, Russian print, Pages 74-75.

Help, Workers, Help!

(*Continued from Page* 1)

tend us the necessary support.

WE NEED MONEY AND ARMS! The latter can be obtained with the former. The peseta is not accepted for exchange in the European market, and although we have plenty of pesetas, we cannot buy the necessary war materials with them.

Spanish Fascism, though in its death throes, is still resisting, thanks to the support, in the form of arms and money, given to them by international Fascism.

The new Spain is charting its own course with the aid of generous sacrifices of thousands of lives. Now is the time for the world proletariat, and for all men of free conscience, to demonstrate their active solidarity with us. All those who are following our struggle with fervent sympathy, a struggle now in its decisive phase, must increase their efforts and put forth a tremendous opposition which will stop the secret aid given by certain nations to the military rebels, nations which at the same time create diplomatic difficulties to oppose the sale of arms to the anti-Fascists.

Men and women of the whole world.

Workers of two Americas, of France, of England, of Switzerland, of Belgium, of Sweden, of U.S.S.R.!

Workers of Japan, and China!

Spanish Fascism in hurling itself against the free will of the Spanish people, spreads blood and terror in the provinces still under its control. By means of mass executions, thousands of workers have been slaughtered in Andalusia, in Aragón, in the Balearic and Canary Islands. Neither women, children nor the aged are spared. The horrors of the Asturian tragedy are now surpassed. Men have been burned alive, others chopped to bits. In Saragoza our resistance was drowned in blood; cold-blooded mass executions took thousands of our comrades. When the world learns how the workers of Seville were treated, it will rise up in fury against these Fascist hangmen.

Children with their mothers were placed in front of the columns of the barricades of the Fascists, thus preventing our comrades from shooting. They fired at us from ambulances, considered sacred in all war. Sanitary cars, with the sign of the red cross painted on them, were converted into machine gun cars. Such are the odious betrayals and deceptions employed by these unscrupulous people, by these men without conscience. Men and women the world over, we know your hearts are aflame with indignation. We ask you to HELP US! !

Form committees to fight against Fascism. Gather funds and put them at the disposal of the F.A.I. and C.N.T., *but do not send money to us yet. We must have francs, pounds and dollars, but not pesetas.*

As soon as possible we will give you our international address, where all funds should be sent for the use of the C.N.T. and the F.A.I.

Workers of all countries, don't let our appeal go unheeded. Give us the moral and material support which we ask for. You must realize that the cause of the Spanish proletariat is the cause of the world proletariat. With the defeat of Fascism, the social revolution in Spain begins. Our complete triumph will be the signal for the victorious onslaught against world Fascism.

We must battle to the end against Fascism.

Give us arms and money so that we can completely annihilate the dictatorial monster which would plunge Spain into tyranny and shame.

The National Committee of the C.N.T.
The Peninsular Committee of the F.A.I.

MAN—THE SUPREME BEING

Primitive man was awed by the effects of nature's mysterious forces, by the unexplained events taking place in his comparatively narrow surroundings. Draught, winds, dust storms, floods, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, lightning, thunder, disease, etc. naturally frightened him. No doubt (he thought) the mischief was wrought by beings invisible and impalpable, evil "spirits", of course. But where were they? By what means could they be approached? That was the problem.

At last, the very impossibility of dealing with such incorporeal scamps compelled him to find out—in his imagination—that they were embodied in certain objects and animals; in fact, in anything he would meet or see. Ah! it was now easy to appease them by worshiping and offerings to something visible—a cow, a lizard, a stone.

Through the evolution of the human species, however, deities of that sort became absolete. In fact, the pluralism, itself, was abolished by "civilized" man. And the ruling castes, interested in maintaining an authority, celestial as well as earthly, reduced the whole affair, to be less illogical, to a one and only God. The theists give this phantom various nicknames, attributes and degrees of power and intelligence, all depending on the way the cells forming the gray matter under their skulls are adjusted and combined.

Only one God left! All free men, naturally, thought it would now be easy to throw this lone ghost out of the human scene. Illusion! It certainly wasn't for mere fun that the idea of one God hatched from some cerebellums.. Nor could one be persuaded that this last of the ogres was kept up through excessive love for humanity.

It has been asserted that man is essentially religious; while Aristotle brands him a political animal. I must confess, with due deep respect for all great men, that I don't know how much truth there is in all that.

To whisper it among ourselves, who constituted real humankind in the realm of thought, anyway: the savage, the ignoramus, the happy slave, the prejudiced and superstitious mind, the foxy charlatan—or the individual ascended to the perception and dignity of *man?* We know quite a number of highly intelligent men who are too self-respecting and sincere to enter the politicians' arena, whose business is maintaining authority and oppression and fattening on the product of somebody else's labor. Those honest men are assuredly part of mankind. We know also intellects of first order who never dreamed of God or of practicing religion. These, too, I think, belong to humanity. How does this come about? Apparently, there is something wrong somewhere.

I must tell you straightforwardly, this God concern, kept running in spite of reason and common sense, makes me a bit suspicious. You may swear by Jehovah, the All Highest, the Architect, or simply, as the Hindus put it, Tat—that's the same soup. What they loath to give up is God, the imaginary universal Master.

Yes, it's awfully hard to efface that ghost from this capricious little globe. The slaves need it because they are slaves; the ruling castes strive to keep the flame burning for the sake of saving the dear people's souls —if you get the idea; and some philosophers must have a *causa causarum* as a basis for their systems.

When I used to try to understand philosophers, I found out that some of them base their immense and profound knowledge on an hypothesis, a belief. Frankly, I do not think beliefs are reliable. Centuries ago we believed in epidemic-spreading powders, in spooks and witches, the latter being tortured and burned at the stake by our pious Christian Church. You would hardly find a serious, well-balanced person believing in such shameful absurdities today. Believing is a poor foundation for knowledge; it is, in fact, no foundation at all.

I may, thru deference as well as for my peace of mind, believe my best-girl's explanation for her absence on a given night, that she was at the movies with a "lady-friend". Good and well. But this God affair seems something more serious to me. The universe is still a mystery. We don't know how or when or why it began—if it ever could begin. All theories about it are guess-work.

However, it would, perhaps, do no harm, having nothing else to do, to imagine it was one way or otherwise, provided it were merely a matter of philosophical speculation. Confronted with the impossibility to give a real explanation, one might well assume that once upon a time there was a certain "pure spirt", come from nowhere and vulgarly named God, that on a gloomy day, feeling lonesome in the infinite nothingness, decided to "create" all that is. All right!

The trouble, though, comes when such an assumption is commercialized by the interested castes, when it is used as a stool for domination, as a weapon for deceiving and enslaving and bleeding the public. Is it necessary to remind anybody of the frightful revolting havoc played in human bodies and minds by our godly Church? Changing one word of the famous phrase, one might exclaim: O God, how many crimes in they name!

And so much ado about a word! The main cause of social unrest and misery. It ought to be abolished. As seekers of truth and friends of our fellowman and liberty, we are much interested in wiping out of the vocabulary all words expressing themselves—be they supernatural or terrestial. Bowing before *any* ordained authority degrades man; it means slavery, and slaves hinder the march of progress toward an ever more breathable environment.

You know, my friends, that no minister can tell us what God is. Very unfortunate indeed, and apparently strange. Unfortunate, because he fails to enlighten us mortals about it, who are hungry for information. Strange for the fact that a minister ought to know, first of all, what his king looks like and at what time and where he confabs with him to get his instructions.

But a highly cultured friend, calling himself anarchist and agnostic, argues: "If the theists have no proof of God's existence, we cannot decisively deny it, either".

Well, well! When we know that the dogma of a God, creator and ruler of the Infinite, has been an arrangement, a short cut to explain, at all costs, that which nobody knows; in other words, to cover our ignorance about the "beginning" of all things and about how these keep going and why they are — isn't that enough for us to have the right to laugh at their pretensions? They haven't even been able to coin a more decent word to express their maladroit idea. Worst of all, after borrowing the word "god" from the idolaters and confectioning an arbitrary single "God" out of the many ones, the monotheists look upon the idolaters as their inferiors; whereas, the blood-thirsty gods of the savages and the easy-going, half-human gods of the pagans were, if nothing else, natural, excusable offspring of their primitive and unscientific minds.

In my ignorance, I often asked myself how a real truthseeker could base a colossal philosophical castle on an assumption, on a belief. Of course, they have their answers. For instance, "One cannot build a system on doubt; there must be a foundation which seems to us reasonable". As you see, we're still in the realm of imagination mixed with the urge of building a system at any cost. In this case, it ought to be explained that the idol stands on clay feet.

Our agnostic comrade exhumes the stale platitude of the theists. "True", says he, or something to that effect. "nobody knows what God is, but do we know what electricity, for instance, is?"

No, my friend. What anything *in itself* is, we know not. We call hydrogen a gas, but *what* that gas is de don't know. And even if we did know, we would still have, in all probability, to find out what the other "what" might be. And so ad infinitum. You see, that's like tryng to sound the famous First Cause. Nevertheless, applying a lighted match to hydrogen, we become aware of its presence. You would never be able to prove God's existence thru that process or any other. Our godly missionaries, who tried in vain to have the savages grasp the idea of the civilized God, wouldn't have had much difficulty in teaching them the unnecessary name "electricity" we apply to that blind universal energy, of which the savages knew the effects only too well.

"Everything is mystery", admonishes, in substance, our agnostic comrade, "including the mysteries of the Church."

This is stretching things unduly for the sake of argument. The so-called Church's mysteries are no mysteries at all. That's just quacks' business. I myself could manufacture mysteries by the dozen, and I am sure I would have followers.

I sincerely dislike to call our hasty agnostic comrade's attention to the self-evident fact that there is no relationship whatever between an impudent caste's fables and the mystery of universal life-energy. No natural "mystery" can be called absolutely inexplicable by Science. Whereas, the ecclesiastical absurdities, debunked long ago, may only have been an indicate means for Darkage-grandma to put the children to sleep.

At any rate, nobody is bound to believe anything. You either know or you do not. We discard the "God" hypothesis as utterly unnecessary, useless, harmful, criminal. In other words, we are unreservedly atheists; we deny the existence of a self-conscious, infinite Being creator and ruler of the universe, as we would any other assumption or supposition requiring faith, belief, but repugnant to human reason.

The real supreme being we know is that sickly animal called *man.* We have absolutely no proof that our minds are an emanation of a "central" Mind. A real, self-conscious, all pervading entity ought, by invincible necessity, to be acknowledged by every mortal. The fact that there have been unbelievers at all times shows the fallacy of the theists' hypothesis. One single unbeliever in the world is enough to wreck the basis of the whole theistic structure.

The supreme being on earth indisputably is *man.* No need of a so-called pure spirit, standing "back" of the universe or roaming through it and at the same time occupying no space. The idea, amplified and modernized for the purpose, was borrowed from the savages, but nobody ever saw such a being. That is true to this day for every man, including all the monotheistic philosophers, the pope and the whole clergy. That's nothing but the dregs of primitive explanations of what

(*Continued on Page 7*)

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H. Havel, *Editor*

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WHAT HAPPENED IN SPAIN

(*Continued from Page 2*)

to suppress it, from friendly Powers, the Spanish Government has been unable to do it.

The European Dictators have put a veto on that, under threat of war. And the Liberal and Democratic Governments of Europe have meekly submitted to the Dictators' veto. To excuse themselves they have invented a so-called "neutrality" doctrine which prevents the Democratic and Liberal Governments of Europe from sending arms, ammunitions and war supplies to the Spanish Government, but at the same time allows the fascist governments to continue their active support of the Spanish mutineers.

Of course, such a "neutrality" policy is sheer "bunk."

What is really happening is this—that the English Liberal Government, the French Popular Front Government, the Russian Bolshevik Government, and all other so-called anti-fascist Governments of Europe, fear no less than the Fascist Dictators and the Roman Pope an overwhelming victory of the Spanish Loyalists. They know that such a victory would be, not a victory of the republican or constitutional government of Madrid, but of the Spanish people, albeit of the Spanish workers who alone by their heroic struggle would have saved Spain from the Fascist scourge. And nothing do they fear more than a popular overwhelming victory. It would place the Spanish workers in a position to dictate to their Government, and even to do away with it—as there is more than a faint suspicion that the Catalan workers, dangerously permeated with Anarchist notions, have in mind to do. Worse than that, it would be an abnoxious example for workers in other countries, an example which might inspire them to very dangerous hopes and actions. Accordingly, the Bolshevik Government of Russia and the Popular Government of France, agree with the Monarchist Government of England that the policy of this lame and insincere neutrality which may cost the Spanish People its Second Republic, is preferable to a popular victory abetted by their official help.

What is taking place

It must be added that the fears of these politicians are justified.

The Fascist putsch of July 17th has started a civil war in Spain. But once in possession of arms the Spanish workers have gone into a struggle which is much deeper than a political strife.

Their government—a government which was appealing to them for safety on the night of July 18th doesn't mean very much to them. It means exactly what it is: a pompous collection of institutions which would have passed into history, and a no less pompous group of men who would have gone to their death—political or physical—had they not taken up arms and spared them throughout a fierce and floody war.

When the news came to Madrid of the fall of Irun, something was done to bolster the warring authority of the central government: the ineffectual Giral Cabinet was called upon to resign and a new one presided over by Largo Caballero took its place.

From a political point of view this change in the personnel of the government may be plausible, and even useful . . . . so long as the defense of the Republic from its fascist enemies coincides with the social and economic aims of the people.

Then, when and if the fascist mutiny is subdued, it will find itself confronted with many things that have happened meanwhile—which it will be very hard to insert into the constitutional republican form of government.

All over Spain, the workers aim at scopes much deeper than politics. While they fight the Fascists, they take over properties and factories and public services which they operate themselves with very promising results or at a great advantage for the community.

The fact is, in a nutshell, that the Spanish workers, especially in Catalonia where Anarchist and Anarcho-Syndicalists prevail, in the days that immediately followed the militant uprising, took into their hands not only the defense of the Republic, but also the economical and moral life of the country—and that the arms which they are now using to crush the fascist foe, may, after victory, be used by them to defend and protect the new forms of economical independence which they are now developing, from any governmental interference to which they have become unaccustomed.

Behind the bloody screen of the civil war, a social revolution is taking place in Spain — a more or less libertarian social revolution.

May the valor of the Spanish workers be crowned by the fullest success.

. . . ART AND LITERATURE . . .

No Man's Land

Gradually the long day's battle had reached its height. There they lay, here, there, and all around, the sacrifices of the day's slaughter. Dead and wounded! Swarming the ground, stretched out, distorted faces, one with tightly clenched mouth, closed for ever; another terribly injured, breathes heavily in great pain, moaning softly, groans, mad ravings.

And the orgy of war steps through the lines, unseen, and observes with cruel grinning mien, the rich and bloody harvest.

The rolling splutter of machine-guns, the thunder and howling of innumerable other fire-spitting throats, had quieted down somewhat, and only now and then there came an odd shell whining through the air carrying death and destruction.

The enemy was in full retreat. His attack of to-day had been broken up by a powerful death-dealing bombardment.

Not only was the retreating enemy exhausted, but also they who were defending and maintaining their position, had come to the end of their strength. No serious pursuit was expected.

It was late afternoon, and the Autumn twilight began to gather. A light blanket of fog covered the ground, and a drizzling rain began to fall.

At one place near a small forest, a terrible and closely-fought battle must have occurred. Human bodies in all conditions, mutilated beyond recognition in some instances, lay strewn in the mire. Trampled into the slush everywhere. Here friend and foe lay in peace together. One and the same purpose—fighting for the Fatherland—brought those lying here to the same end.

At the entrance to the copse there was a slight movement. Two men were still breathing in this section so richly strewn with dead. One was a German and one a French soldier. Both had lain wounded, and with their last ounce of strength they had dragged themselves here to get what better shelter it afforded.

The French soldier was unconscious; only weak signs of breathing came from his mouth. By the side of him lay the German, breathing heavily, and from time to time crying out with pain. He was gaining consciousness. He was not aware that the Frenchman by his side also had life in him.

Through the mind of the German went a confused stream of thoughts. "Will they find me, or must I lie out here, far from home, far from my dear ones, must I die like a hunted animal, slowly and painfully?" And he thought of his loving wife, of his children, of his hearth.

Then he closed his eyes and let all the pictures and events of the past weeks, all the joys and sorrows of his life pass before him in rapid succession. His head was thumping like a blacksmith's hammer and in his ears he heard sounds as of distant music. An insufferable feeling of fatigue took hold of him and he dropped to sleep.

"Are you also wounded?" sounded suddenly from intimate proximity close to his ear.

Only half-wakened from sleep, the German opened his eyes as he turned and gazed absently in the direction from whence the question came.

It was the French soldier who had regained consciousness, speaking in broken German. For some time he had been observing the German and his condition. "Are you wounded too,—where?" He repeated his question.

"Yes," replied the German weakly, "a splinter or a shrapnel has smashed my foot; what's the matter with you?"

"I have also got a shot of shrapnel in my foot, comrade. You must to me also say comrade. We have both our duty done, and now, we are not enemies any more, but comrades, and—human beings! Are you married? You have at home children?"

"Yes, comrade," answered the German, and a tear stood in his eye. "I have two loveable children and a wonderfully good wife at home. And you?"

"I also husband! Only but two years! My poor Susanne! She cries her eyes red for me. A little baby, one year old, is our greatest joy," the Frenchman replied, gazing strangely at his companion in misfortune, his dark south-country eyes shining with a peculiar light.

And then he suddenly lay down, for he was tired from supporting himself on his left arm, and with his right, he reached for his trouser's back pocket.

A suspicious movement!

Involuntarily the German remembered that frequently it had happened that wounded comrades in similar situations had been murdered by wounded enemies, especially the French. Perhaps this Frenchman belonged to those fanatics who carried their hatred for Germany until the other side of the grave?

This was no time to linger with such thoughts.

Like lightning, he snatched up his Browning revolver and, without pausing, shot his French companion through the breast. For so scornfully misusing his confidence, he saw too, as the body crumpled and fell, how the dying Frenchman threw him a look of poisonous hate. Then it was all over.

He had been one too good for the Frenchman!

But he had reached the limit of his weakened strength. The excitement, his painful wounds, and loss of blood began to tell on him, so that he again lost consciousness.

The crack of the gun, however, had attracted the attention of the men of the ambulance corps. For the noise of butchery had ceased and they were already about their heavy and horrible work. They soon found him; the only one that death had spared.

They felt his breast with care, his face, his body, and bound up his wounds. And with all this handling the German became conscious again.

He was still under the influence of his recent incident with the Frenchman. Quickly, however, he came to himself and told of his experience with his wounded enemy.

The ambulance-men examined the body, and also the trousers' pocket described by the German.

Inside, there was still the dead man's right hand, stiff and stark—ready to withdraw—still clasping, in the hands of death, a photograph; a picture of his wife and baby. No weapon of any kind was found either on him or near him.

It was with feverish impatience and restlessness that the German watched throughout the examination. And as he saw the obvious explanation, he gave one loud groan — a single heart-rending cry, and fell away shrieking.

"Oh! what a terrible fate! What a miserable, frightful misunderstanding! It was plain murder! And worse! A family, just like mine, robbed of a husband and a father! Full of confidence and friendship, he would show me the picture of his love! And I! In my damned haste I coldly murdered him! Ah now I see the look of hate on his face as he was dying! And shall—for ever!"

Againt his will, while he had strength, they carried him to the next field hospital.

Some days went by. The doctor in charge made frequent visits and spoke with his assistants of special cases and took reports.

"By the way, how is it going with private—or—Knauer, I think he is called? The one that had the incident with the Frenchman? How's his leg-"

"Yes, Doctor, the wound is healing normally and everything was progressing allright until yesterday. There is now something else. Something that we—if it is even possible to cure at all—cannot handle here. The man must be sent back immediately, if possible to his home town, for who knows how long he will be like that? He has become insane.

SARAH KREISLER

Man - The Supreme Being

(*Continued from Page 6*)

nobody can as yet explain. That's the old spector still lurking in some of us; a mania for establishing an arbitrary First Cause, the real one being unfathomable.

I know that, since we don't believe in any Intelligence above man's, we shouldn't even talk about it. That's perfectly right—in theory. However, we need thinking, reasoning men around us. Free men are ever in danger of being mobbed by superstitious fanatics incited against us by interested impostors and sharks. A vain, self-styled superman remarked: "Why not keep your unbelieving to yourself and let the fools be fooled?"

Yeah! Unfortunately, we don't live up on the clouds. To conquer liberty, which is our aim, we have to weed ignorance and superstition out of the credulous simpletons' minds. The task is an arduous one; but our mission, which we've taken up spontaneously and enthusiastically, is to seek for real truths and try to uncover all assumption, all belief, all fake, all fraud.

V. ARETTA.

THE COMRADE

Call me friend or foe
Little I care!
I go with all who go
Daring to dare.

I am the force,
I am the fire,
I am the secret source
Of desire

I am the urge,
The spur and throng:
Moon of the tides that surge
Into song.

Call me friend or foe,
Little care I!
I go with all who go
Singing to die.

Call me friend or foe—
Taking to give
I go with all who go
Dying to live.

LEE WILSON DODD

Janice Brooke

On a very hot evening in the latter part of last year, a small gathering was seated in an Eastbury house of a minister. With the exception of one lone person—George Hedley—those gathered were meeting an anarchist exponent for the first time. Instead of having each one ask me questions on *anarchism*, I reversed the process, with interesting results. The questioners revealed a knowledge of socialism and bolshevism but a very scanty one about anarchism.

The central issue became the one realting to *individual deeds*, and the one most interested in this phase was Madge Reniff, the life companion of George Hedley. To illustrate the anarchist attitude, I related some of the activities of Ravachol, the Anarchist, as well as of Van der Lubbe and Zangara, both non-anarchists whose activities the anarchists defended.

It was already past midnight when we left the house. As we rode in the car, Hedley asked me to glance at some manuscripts. They were poems by Madge Reniff, but signed Janice Brooke, her pen-name. One did not have to read long to realize that that *was* poetry. Here and there I came across rank propaganda poems written under the spell of bolshevism, and these I pointed out. Madge understood, and a close friendship ensued.

Soon enough Madge forwarded me a group of her poems as I had invited her to do. Most of these I gladly accepted for publication. Hardly a few months elapsed before I was to receive her greatest achievement: *"The Free"* (published in the March issue of Man!). It was an amazing accomplishment of which only a great and true poetic soul could be capable.

In the early part of this year we met again—this time in their own home. This little abode, standing out amidst trees and bushes on a small hill facing the towering hills of Berkley, was most becoming to the modesty and simplicity of both Madge and George. It was close to sunrise when we finally broke up the never-ending discussion.

The next two meetings with Madge took place at the studio of her dancing teacher, Miss Marion Jamison. Then followed more discussions in her house. At the recitals Madge would read the poems or words to which Miss Jamison would react with her own dance creations. At the last recital on June 3rd, Madge's voice was hardly strong enough to carry. She complained of not feeling well. None of us, perhaps with the exception of George, realized how ill she really felt! At two past midnight she excused herself as we continued our discussion on the world's problems . . . . .

A few days later George told me over the telephone that Madge was getting better. At the time she also spoke to me—a few words and for the last time.

Two weeks after it had happened, I learned that Madge spent the last two months of her life in a hospital, continuing to direct from there her summer school classes and writing book reviews and poetry. The end came on August 16, at the age of 28.

The close relation between the true poet and the eternal struggle for justice and truth is amply revealed in Janice's "Sonnet":

And bravest he whose mind is free, yet dares
Believe, who knowing seeks, and finding shares.

I feel that most of us who have known her will always remember Madge by the words through which she revealed her whole self in the poem "Ariadni":

I stalk the windless cornfields of the town
And lift a voice to speak to others;
It splashes on an unseen wall—runs down
In bloodless stream among the stones, and smothers
Their messages. I turn and glance
Behind me seeking comfort of my own
Shadow—to find it gone in timeless dance
Treading the river of a soundless moan.

The literary and libertarian world has been made richer by the life of Madge Reniff and left that much poorer by her unfortunate early death.

MARCUS GRAHAM (Bermuda).

THE INVICTUS

Out of sight that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

FREEDOM IN RUSSIA - - -

Reporters, delegates or writers who have hardly remained more than a week or two in Russia, and who have only seen what official authorities have been willing to let them see, men who have had neither the time nor the possibility to get satisfactory information, have given us all kinds of reports, accounts and literature upon Russia. Most of these reports or books have had a tendency one way or the other: when their authors were endowed with a madness of enthusiasm and biased by party feelings, they represented the land of the Soviets under brilliant colors; and when opposed to dictatorship, they painted the same land as a sojourn of slavery and wretchedness. Thus, they described Russia to us each as a heaven or a hell.

It seems as though we should never impartially and completely be enlightened upon the Russian experience, but here is a report that is creditable; it comes from a French worker who has lived ten years in Russia.

Yvon was a member of the French communist party since 1921. Then in 1923, urged by his enthusiasm for the Soviet Republic, he decided to go and live in Russia. During ten years he worked in the most variegated Russian districts. His knowledge of the Russian language, the length of time and the variety in his stays, have allowed him to collect a solid documentation which he now gives to the French workers. He especially brings an untold report upon freedom in Russia.

Generally, in our system of society, man is relatively free when he returns home after his daily task. In Russia, the worker, who lives in a barrack or in a corner of a room used in common, has no home. In the best cases, if he has a whole room at his disposal, he is still without home; be it in one of the cooperative houses or in the house named "Commune" managed by the factory dwelling department, he is always under the dependence of a powerful centralized body that can evict him at any time. In Russia workers have no home.

Locked in by strict rules that regulate the least of his actions, the Sovietic worker cannot eat what he wishes to; he has a certain allowance which is dated in regard to meat, bread and sugar. He cannot buy that which he desires: at the day fixed in advance, he goes for his supply at a dictated store. In Russia the workers are hungry.

Pages and pages could be written upon the atmosphere of inquisition prevailing in all places of employment and the difficulty for a Soviet worker to change work-shop; but the fact is that he cannot even leave Russia if he wants to. Only those who are at an official mission; diplomats, writers, sportive propagandists, can obtain pass-ports for foreign countries. The flights to foreign lands mean ten years in jail for the civil, and exclusively a death penalty for military men. The adult members of a military deserter's family, if they have known about the desertion and have not denounced it, are sentenced to five to ten years of imprisonment; if they have no knowledge of it, to five years of deportation to Siberia. The flight of a civil from Russia is under the jurisdiction of crimes against the State. In Russia workers are convicts.

Education is entirely based upon the principle by which every individual must be trained and tamed for the need of the absolute master, the State. Man only exists to fulfill the decisions of the all-powerful ruling elite who alone have the "unique truth". From kindergarten to university, nowhere is man taught to think for himself; everywhere he is told: "Think this"; there is only one learning: "Marxism-Leninism, Stalinism." To obtain or remain in a somewhat wished position, one must, above all, be well versed in the above mentioned learning: any one guilty of "deviations"—even in a light conversation—loses his position or job. The communist party is the path to life: no position, no job can be obtained without great difficulties by those who are not communists. To doubt about the perfection of the regime is to be considered as heretic and subject to penalty. In Russia workers are slaves.

The "Pravda", the great communist central newspaper, has a crowd of satellites all over the country; each factory has its particular sheet; but from the ten thousand newspapers not one single line is printed that is not dictated by the official opinion of the movement. In Russia workers have no right to think.

Again, as the authorities fear much more the independent brain than the thief and murderer, no one has the right to organize outside the official bodies. In Russia man not the right to organize.

Though the classical theater keeps a few shows, the new one, the moving picture and the radio must produce propaganda material, only dealing with the official "unique truth." In Russia workers laugh as they do even in jail, but not from amusement.

In conclusion, the above is only a minimum part of Yvon's documentation. The following will summarize and confirm all that has been here stated: On Sept. 9th last, in Moscow, the commissioner of commerce for the exterior announced that from that day on, no one residing in Russia would be allowed to receive books, periodicals or newspapers from foreign countries without having first obtained a permit from the "Medjou Narodnaya Kniga" which has the monopoly of foreign literature importation. Thus, like in the penitentiary, the postal service—inside as well as from outside—is censured, and only with the consent of the warden can mail of any kind reach the Soviet workers. And this is freedom in Russia.

ANDRE MONTAGNE.

(Translated from "l'en dehors" by Jules Scarceriaux).

Editors Notes:

The discussion on the Anarchists' Role in Social Revolution has been deferred for an indefinite time. The first article of comrade Pierre Ramus was already set-up when the civil war brought on by the Fascists of Spain gripped that country. Since many phases of the role of the Anarchists in Spain is involved in the discussion, we deem it proper, for the time being, to withhold from carrying on the discussion.

To Exchanges:

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Current Events

American Labor Party

While the two major parties of the United States are playing a game of checker-board with the American people, we find the formation of a new party in the United States—the American Labor Party. In New York, the chief exponent of the party is none other than Luigi Antonini, General Manager of Local 89 of the International Ladies Garment Workers. The chief aim of this party is the re-election of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who according to Antonini, is a labor man, a man who has done more than any other president of the country in the way of passing laws for and aiding the working class. It seems almost unbelievable that this one-time radical who dictates the doings of approximately 40,000 workers in the dress industry of New York City is able to say so much in favor of Roosevelt—the man of the American people. But those of us who are able to hear his weekly Saturday morning radio program where for the last two months the greatest possible amount of propaganda is being made for the re-election of Roosevelt, can see beyond the screen. Luigi Antonini, state chairman of the American Labor Party, has entered the game of American politics. Luigi Antonini, while bombasting for Roosevelt, is at the same time acting as a dictator of Local 89. He claims that his workers have full right to register their complaints with the grievance board of the union, but it is a fact that these complains are never heeded. During the Italo-Ethopian War, Antonini was weekly hitting Mussolini and Italian Fascism over his radio program. Today he has become the strongest pillar of support in the campaign for the re-election of Roosevelt who is working hand in hand with Italian Fascism—a fact we can see if we remind ourselves of the Ferrero-Sallitto case, two men held for deportation to Fascist Italy by this same administration which Antonini is trying so hard to have re-elected. Antonini, the supposed voice of Labor among the Italians of New York City, has never once devoted five minutes of his weekly one-hour programs over the air to the situation in Spain. This is a fact which the members of Local 89—whom Antonini is blindfolding and telling what to do and where to go—must consider and respect. This is a fact which all workers of America must respect; namely, that organized labor has no value or benefit for the workers when men like Antonini, professing to be true democrats, free thinking individuals—radicals in fact, are today—as leaders of organized labor—working hand in hand with government which, no matter how democratic or liberal, never does any good for any worker.

Men like Antonini do not belong in the labor movement; their place is at banquet tables, making after dinner political speeches which may result in a good position for them in the political wheel. And as such the workers of Local 89, the workers of the country must consider them as enemies of Labor using the working class as a means for political gain. Only when workers realize this will they be able to really fight for their own rights without the aid of so-called labor leaders; only then will they show that they are *men* who want to live as *men.*

Salinas Strike Situation

"The Reds started this and we're going to crush them, no matter what the cost."

"This is out-and-out Fascism. The growers and shippers are hiring gunmen to shoot down workers, but we'll fight the strike through to a finish."

N. Y. Post, September 26, 1936.

This is a clear expression of viewpoint by both sides in the bloody Salinas strike situation in California. At a time when, in the coming presidential election both major candidates so boldly assert that they are to aid the farmer and who so hypocritically throw "la poudre aux yeux" to the workers, this strike assumes double significance and importance. In answer to the cry of "radicalism," union officials charge that employers are deliberately inciting labor troubles for political reasons. Most significant of all is the statement by Frank Knox, vice-presidential candidate for the Republican party who states, "California is democratic today, but efforts by law authorities along certain lines may soon bring a broad change in political thinking."

We know too well what the various and serious strikes in California during the last few years have meant. We know two well what William Randolph Hearst and his mandates have done in this state. We know too well that in these critical moments there is nothing to expect from either or any political party.

The workers in the lettuce strike are fighting against the protected agencies of law and order who use any and every possible means to crush the workers' demands. They are fighting for rights which are naturally theirs—for which they sweat and labor and which they are denied.

The strike in California is but one of the many examples of workers' protest against the betrayals and injustices of the bosses. The strike of the R.C.A. workers in Camden, N. J., and the painters' strike in New York City are other examples.

These examples, however, do not solve the situation. We must remember that the strength of the workers lies in the workers themselves. Strikes occur and they are settled, always with the intervention of law and authority which promises but betrays. When and only when workers realize their freedom lies in arms and bodies with which they produce to fatten the rich and rulers, only then will they be able to lay down their tools once and for all and stage one *Good real* strike—a strike to end strikes.

The Russian "Trial"

Once again Stalin, the Russian dictator, shows the world what the government of the proletariat really is. Once again the Mussolini of Russia has put forth his iron fist.

In 1934, 103 Russians were shot for the assassination of Dictator Stalin's "Dear Friend" Sergei Kirov. They were shot in Leningrad and Moscow after street trials. Thousands more were exiled in Siberia.

In August, 1936, Zinoviev and Kamenex who received jail sentences in 1934, were killed along with fourteen others for having attempted to plot to kill Joseph Stalin.

An interesting statement is that of Boris Suvarin, one-time director of the Paris Communist paper "Humanite," who lost his job for criticizing Stalin. He states, "The real reason behind all this is that Stalin wishes to establish a reign of terror which will strike all those threatening his power. At the trial of Zinoviev and Kamenev not the slightest fact was brought out against the accused—they were tricked into unproved confessions by promises that their lives would be spared —Ivan the Terrible or Peter the Great would not have done more."

This is the opinion of a one-time supporter of Stalin. This incident along with so many others is a proof that Stalin is leading the life of all dictators and rulers—a life of fear. Communists cannot deny this. Communists cannot deny that behind the mantle of a government of the proletariat lies the iron rule of a dictator who, like Mussolini and Hitler, is militarizing Russia to the nth degree and promising the world a country with the largest army in the world. This is Soviet Russia!

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

(To September 30th, 1936)

INCOME

Old Administration, $135.93, Yonkers, N.Y. (June, 1936), $24.00; Philadelphia, July, 1936, $20.00; Scranton, Pa., $5.75; Yonugstown, Ohio, $10.00; New Haven, Conn., $10.00; Haverhill, Mass., $12.00; Haverhill, Mass., $1.00; New York, $3.00; Yonkers, N.Y. (August, 1936), $25.50; Rico, $2.00; Worcester, Mass., $1.00; Detroit, Mich., $5.00; Houston, Pa., $1.00; Allentown, Pa., $2.00; Philadelphia, $5.00; Youngstown, Ohio, $4.00; Haverhill, Mass., $10.00; Haverhill, Mass., $16.00; Los Angeles. Calif., $5.00.

Total Income	$298.18
Expenditures	139.18
On Hand	$159.00

Comrades and Friends:

We urge you to send financial aid to our comrades who are fighting in Spain. MAN! will welcome these contributions and see that they are sent to our comrades there.

Editor.

A Talk Between Two Workers
By ERRICO MALATESTA

One of the most renown works of Malatesta, for a long time out of print, has been published in a beautiful pamphlet-form edition, 32 pages.

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